



The MARSHAL

By MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS
ILLUSTRATIONS BY ELLSWORTH YOUNG

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SYNOPSIS.

Francis Beaupre, a peasant babe of three years, after an amusing incident in which Marshal New figures is made Chevalier of France by the Emperor-Napoleon, who prophesied that the boy might one day be a marshal of the French under another Bonaparte. At the age of ten Francis visits General Baron Gaspard Gourgand, who lives with his seven-year-old daughter, lives at the Chateau. A soldier of the Empire under Napoleon he fires the boy's imagination with stories of his campaigns. The general offers Francis a home at the Chateau. The boy refuses to leave his parents, but in the end becomes a copyist for the general and learns of the friendship between the general and Marquis Zappi, who accompanied with the general under Napoleon to America. The general agrees to care for the Marquis's son while the former goes to America. The Marquis before leaving for America, makes Francis to be a friend of his son. The boy solemnly promises. Francis goes to the Chateau to live. Marquis Zappi dies leaving Pietro as a ward of the general. Allice, Pietro and Francis meet a strange boy, who proves to be Prince Louis Napoleon, who is the son of his life. The general discovers Francis loves Allice, and extracts a promise from him that he will not interfere between the girl and Pietro. Francis goes to Italy as secretary to Pietro. Queen Hortense Marquis Zappi's place, who will, in the escape of Hortense and Louis. Dressed as Louis's brother Francis tries to get into the castle owned by Pietro in Italy. He discovers in his guard one of Pietro's old family servants, and through him sends word to his friends of his plight. The general, Allice and Pietro hear from Francis and plan his rescue. Francis receives a note from Pietro explaining in detail how to escape his prison. Allice awaits him on horseback and leads him to his friends on board an American sailing vessel, the "Lovely".

CHAPTER XIX.

The Sacrifice. Young Henry Hampton, thrilled to the core at this drama, bent over him as Battista laid him on the deck, and looked up anxiously at Pietro.

"Is he living?" he asked.

"He is living, though for an hour or two the devoted friends who cared for him doubted if they had not got him back only to lose him. But that last effort of the change to the ship being past, when consciousness came again he grew strong more rapidly."

"I thought the Austrians would nab me—as I came aboard," he whispered, smiling gaily as he gasped the words to Allice. "It was—firm in my mind."

And Allice laughed at him, and told him that they were far out on the Adriatic now, safe under the American flag, and the Austrians left two hundred miles behind.

"Even if they had nabbed me," whispered Francis, "those two days with you would have paid."

And Allice shuddered a little and told him to go to sleep and stop thinking of Austrians, for they were out of his life now forever.

"My seigneur," said Francis next day when the general took his turn at sitting by his bed, "may I ask a question?"

"Any question in the world, Francis, my son," the general growled at him, as if the tender words were a defiance to an enemy.

Francis hesitated. "About Allice and Pietro?"

"The general shook his head. "Ah, that! That I cannot tell you, Francis. Sometimes I believe that I have been mistaken, that the general as been stopped looked oddly at Francis and smiled. "Sometimes I believe that even I, even Gaspard Gourgand, might make a mistake in trying to play the good God, and arranging lives. That might be—yes. In any case I cannot tell."

Francis, thinking deeply, hazarded another question. "He loves her?"

"I believe so, indeed," said the general. "He cares most to be with us—"



The General Shook His Head.

with her. Ah, yes, I have no doubt that he loves her. But why it goes no farther—apart! It is beyond me—that I would knock their foolish heads together, me—but that is not convenient."

"Does she love Pietro?"

"Mon dieu! How can a mere man say that? She is a woman. I do not know—not in the least," the general looked at him.

"But Pietro loves her?" Francis asked again, his wistful smiling eyes searching the general's face.

"Yes—I am sure of it."

And Francis smiled.

"No one could help it," he said half to himself.

In a day more little Battista came into Francis's cabin and put clothes on him and wrapped him like a mummy in coats and rugs, and carried him to his arms up on deck, and there laid him in a hammock on the sunny side of the ship. And the salt air blew on his face and he gulped it in, and by and by Allice brought a chair and sat by him and read to him, and Francis

lay quiet and wondered if heaven could be any improvement on this.

So, on that long, bright, calm morning at sea Francis lay in the hammock and watched the million little waves glisten and break for unknown miles over the sunlit water, and listened to the voice he loved best in the world, as it told him of those others whom he loved also, and of the places dear to him; and he wondered that he had indeed come through the long nightmare of prison to this happiness.

"Mr. Hampton has been talking to me about Virginia; it must be a beautiful country," said Allice. "I should love the free friendly life of those great domains. I believe I could leave France and visit you for such a country as that, where there are no political volcanoes on top of which one must live. With us it is always plotting and secrecy. Always a war to look back on or to look forward to. I should like to go to Virginia."

"But," said Francis, with his great eyes glowing, "the war one now looks forward to in France will be short and glorious. And after that will be peace, for there will be a Bonaparte ruling, and that means strength and good government."

"How you believe in the great captain and in his blood," and Allice smiled down at the pale face on fire with his lifelong enthusiasm.

"He must," said Francis simply, and paused, and went on: "For me you know, Allice, how it is. How the star of the Bonapartes has always seemed to be my star! I believe that I believe that my life is tied to that house. Napoleon was more than human to my mind, his touch set me aside for his uses in my cradle."

"And made you a chevalier," Allice considered. "That was a true accolade. Francis, you would have a right to that title under another Bonaparte."

"I believe so, Allice."

"And my father believes it. So you must hurry and get well and come back to France and be fit for work when the prince needs you, Chevalier Beaupre. My father has told you that a movement is preparing? He is reckless, my father, and it troubles me. It might be unsafe for him to live in France if his part in these plots were known."

"Then you could come to Virginia—to Carnifax," and Francis smiled.

But Allice fished. "That is Pietro's estate, not ours," she said quickly, and then she rose and bent over the sick boy. "I must go to my father now," she said, and caught his pitiful hands suddenly in both hers. "But Francis, I wish I could tell you how it changes all the world to have you back again—and she was gone."

Francis, trembling with a rapture he could not quiet, lay, not stirring, because he feared to break the spell of the touch of her hands; feeling within him a rebel hope that yet he would not let take hold of him. Could it be? Was it true? Did she care for him and still Pietro? Was that the reason that in all these years she and Pietro were still only sister and brother? Yet, he caught and choked the thought. Even then he had no right to be so sure, would not tell her what she was not, him—He would be Pietro's friend always as he had promised long ago; more, a thousand times more now, when Pietro had given back to him freedom and life and hope.

CHAPTER XX.

A Social Crisis. On a day the ship sailed into a splendid roadstead, big enough to hold the ships of half the world. Then into a wide flashing river, the James river, four or five miles, wide and up there at its mouth. And up and down up the bright river, the narrowing river, between its low green banks, with now and again a glimpse of a large house and of gardens and lawns green with June, as one sailed past.

Harry Hampton told Francis who lived in them as they went by—Harrisons and Carters and Byrds and Randolphs—strange-sounding, difficult, English names in the ear of the Frenchman. Young Mr. Hampton knew them all, it seemed; many of them were his cousins; Francis listened, surprised, interested, to the word picture which the Virginian unconsciously drew, as he talked of every-day happenings, of a society and a way of living quite different from any the Frenchman had ever heard of.

With that they were in sight of Roanoke, the big green over the trees—Roanoke pointed it out with a touch of excitement in his grave manner. Then, as one slipped along the sparkling water, there was a sharp bend in the stream, and as they turned it the large silvery green slope of the lawn lay before them, with its long wharf and barges lying at the water-side, and a ship unloading its return cargo from England.

"It is the Sea Lady," called young Hampton. "She is in before us—and she sailed so long after."

He made a quick movement forward with his pathetic broken step—for this only son of the Hampton family was a cripple.

There were people gathering on the lawn, noses drawn up in line; the women in bright-colored turbans, men and women both showing white teeth as they grinned with the pleasure and the excitement of watching the ship come in. Then a white light figure ran down the broad greenness, and a girl stood, golden curls on her shoulders, a straw hat with blue ribbons, tying down some of the golden curls, but not all—stood and watched and waved an eager friendly hand.

"It is my cousin Lucy," Harry Hampton said, and Francis, looking at him, saw his eyes fixed on her intently.

In a few minutes more, leaving the ship, with his halting careful step, Francis saw him kiss her cousin—yet it seemed not altogether cousinly—and with that he was saying a word about "My new friend, the Chevalier Beaupre," and the girl's quick hand-clasp and the warm welcome in her voice of honey, made Francis feel as if a place in her friendship had been waiting for him always.

Then, from back of her, from somewhere, towered suddenly a tall man, with large features, and first seized Harry Hampton's hand and then turned to the stranger with the same air of entire pleasure and hospitality.

"My nephew's friend is welcome at Roanoke house," he said, and Francis, with his few words of English, understood enough to be warmed to the soul at his first contact with southern hospitality.

"It is my uncle, Colonel Hampton," Harry's voice was explaining.

"You would not hear of his going to Carnifax—not for days, not for a



"My Nephew's Friend is Welcome to Roanoke House."

month; why should he go at all? Colonel Hampton asked. If he were to be only a year or two in Virginia, why trouble to set up housekeeping alone in that big house, when Roanoke house was here and in order, and only too glad to keep him. So Francis for a week or two stayed. And found himself, shortly, a notable Harry Hampton, his boyish ambition for adventure, and being denied every personal outlet, because of that accident in babyhood which had started him in life hopelessly lame, was as proud of his servage as if Francis's record had been his own. Much more frankly proud, he could talk about it, and did. Allice had told him a great deal, and the episode of the headlong rescue of Prince Louis Napoleon, the capture and imprisonment and final theatrical escape, went like wild-fire about the countryside, and stirred all the romance of the warm-blooded southerners. Every house wanted the hero to break bread, and under young Harry's proud wing Francis went gladly to meet all these friends of his friend. As the general had said years ago, his simplicity struck the finest note of sophisticated high breeding; more over, he had lived with high-bred people in more than one country; the aristocrats of Virginia were delighted with his young nobleman, as they thought him—with his charm of manner and his stirring history, with the lines of suffering-skill in his thin face and the broad lock of gray—the badge of that suffering—in his dark hair; with the quaint foreign accent too, and the unexpectedness in the turns of his rapidly increasing English.

And now he had left Roanoke, and was living in the great old house on Pietro's land, the old house which had been lived in a hundred years before Pietro's father had bought it, the old house in which grandchildren of Pietro live today.

"Something in his odd broken English, something in his vivacity and vigor, something in the warmth of the heart which the poor souls felt in him—none quicker than negroes to feel a heart-fascinated the slaves who fell to his unaccustomed management. He had met Henry Clay and the proud aristocrats of Virginia as men and women, and given them the best of himself; he met these thick-lipped, dim-souled, black people no otherwise, and gave them the same. By the crystal truth in him the first had been vanquished, and it happened not differently with these other human beings. Pietro's mismanaged property grew orderly month by month; Francis, in the saddle most of the time, riding from end to end of the plantation, found his hands full and his work interesting, and his health and strength coming back—though that was a slower progress.

The people who do most are likely to be the people who can do a thing more. Young Henry Hampton, ruled out of the larger part of his natural pleasures by that stern by-law of nature, which had made him lame, appealed to Francis's sympathy every day more deeply. The one thing which the lad could do was riding.

"Henry," Francis spoke, as the two trotted together down a shady lane of the plantation on the way to the far fields where negroes worked in the autumn sunlight, "what would you think of organizing a mounted troop of militia?"

The boy's face flamed with excitement. What would he think of it? He would think it glorious, wonderful, half a dozen big adjectives.

There were many young men in the neighborhood; all of them rode; none of them had enough to do; Francis had a hold on them—a man may not spend five years in a dungeon because of a dashing mad act of bravery with

out acquiring a halo which adheres afterward; it was fairly certain that a military company, originating with the Chevalier Beaupre, would succeed. And it succeeded. Three days later it was started with the cordial sanction of the fathers and the enthusiasm of the sons. Francis was, of course, the moving spirit and the responsible head, and Francis was hard at work calling back the old lore of his school-days at Saint-Cyr and reading books on tactics and all military subjects.

"Henry," said Colonel Hampton one morning after breakfast at Roanoke House, "I want to speak to you a moment in my study."

Harry went calmly into the dim, pleasant, old room, with its paneled walls and portraits set into the paneling; he had no fear of what his uncle might say, for he was not merely the young nephew and ward living in his uncle's house—he was the owner of most of the acres which made the plantation a great one. Colonel Hampton considered that in his treatment of Harry, and Harry knew it well enough. Moreover, it was an unspoken secret that Harry or Lucy had the right of strength over weakness in dealing with the head of the house. Obstinacy combined sometimes with weakness, it is true, but yet the two youngsters understood clearly that the colonel was the head only by a graceful fiction. So young Henry Hampton felt no alarm at the quality of his uncle's tone. The colonel sat down in the biggest chair, a chair throne-like in its dignity; he faced the lad and pulled importantly at the end of his mustache.

"This troop of cavalry about organized?" he demanded.

"Well, that's rather a big name for it, Uncle Henry, but it is going like a streak," answered Harry, junior. "We meet again today, and tomorrow I think we shall begin business."

"I approve of it," Colonel Hampton stated.

Harry bowed his head gravely. The colonel went on.

"It is a well-bred and appropriate method of amusement. A gentleman should know something of military affairs. But—ah—the ranking and—ah—arrangements. Such details are not unlike with gentlemen of the first families, as you all are—except one—to crystallize into a later importance. The man who has been the leader of this company of very young men will not likely be the man thought of as a leader in—ah—affairs of greater moment to come. May I inquire who is the captain?"

Henry Hampton looked troubled, impatient.

"Why, nobody yet, Uncle Henry. We have not got to that. But, of course, the Chevalier."

Colonel Hampton interrupted him. "Exactly. I thought so. That is what I wish to avoid. The Chevalier must not be the captain."

The boy caught up the words hotly. "Uncle Henry, he has done it all. We all want him."

"Exactly. But you must not have him. I am surprised at you, Henry! Do you remember that this man is peasant-born? Do you want to be led into battle by a person whose rank is not above that of our own servants?"

"Led into battle!" Young Henry laughed shortly. "Led into a corn field is more like it." And then his glance fixed. "Moreover, Uncle Henry, if there were battle in the case, we should all count ourselves lucky to be led by a hero."

"A hero?" Colonel Hampton sniffed. "A mere French peasant by his own account. Of course, I have received him, because of your infatuation for him. And—the young man has qualities. He has been a success socially. I will not deny. I am quite surprised by his success. But when it comes to placing him in a position above men of birth, my blood revolts. I request you, Henry, to use your influence against him. I can not endure to have him give your commands. You should be the captain, because your social position has made the enterprise possible. But, yet, if your misfortune—if some other seems more fit—" A painful color darkened the boy's face and his brows gathered. The colonel went on. "I should make no objection to that. But" again he pulled at the corners of his mustache with solemnity. "I must request you to use your influence absolutely to prevent this parvenu from being placed over you."

Harry Hampton put his hand on the table beside him and lifting himself with that aid stood before his uncle, leaning a little on the table as his lame foot made it necessary, but yet a figure full of decision and dignity.

"And I must refuse absolutely, Uncle Henry, to do anything of the kind. I am not in question. As you say, I have a misfortune. I shall use that influence I have to see that the Chevalier Beaupre is made captain of the company he has organized and is to educate. This is fitting. I am proud to call him my friend, and I am glad that I am large-minded enough to realize that as large a mind as his is not to be measured by petty standards. If he is a prince or if he is a peasant it is quite immaterial, because he is first a very great thing—himself."

He turned from the astonished colonel, and with his halting step was gone.

Shortly the young master's horse was ordered and he had left word with Ebenezer, the butler, as he went out, that he would not be home till bed-time, and was off toward Carnifax.

"Francis," he began, finding his friend busy over his papers in that same library, at that same carved mahogany desk, where today lie the packages of old letters—"Francis, I want to speak to you—about something—before our meeting."

"What then? The boy is out of breath. You have been running Black

Hawk again, my Henry—that horse will complain of you soon, the strong beast. What if you are in such a hurry to say that one must race across country so of a good hour of the morning?"

But Henry was too intent to talk nothing. "It is important," he said briefly. "We must have a captain for the company at once, and it must be you."

"Sabre de bois!" smiled Francis radiantly. "The good idea! I can not imagine a fellow more beautiful to be a captain than I. Can you?"

But Henry was altogether serious-minded. "You will consent then?" he threw at him. "I did not think of it till this morning, but I see it would be done at once. We shall all want you, of course, and want nobody else."

Now Henry Hampton, not having thought of the matter till this morning, had no right to question the statement in a full round voice of certainty. Yet he knew every man in the company, and he felt in himself the force to answer for them. He answered for them without a hesitation. And with that Francis's laughing face grew grave. He pushed the letters from him and got up and came across to the boy and bent and put his arm around his shoulder as he sat still and stiff. These French ways of his friend pleased Henry immensely, but they also petrified him with embarrassment. Francis was not in the least embarrassed. He patted the broad young shoulder affectionately.

"My good Henry," he said gently. "What a loyal friend—and what a reckless one! How often can you answer for all those messieurs?"

Harry fung up his head and began. "They will—if they do not I shall make them"—but Francis stopped the bold words.

"No," he said quietly—yet with a tone of finality which the other recognized. "That will not be necessary. And the messieurs are my good friends; they will treat me with honor; they will be better to me than I deserve. I know that well. There were so few people in the world who did not, to Francis, seem his good friends. "But, my Henry, I will not be the captain. I have thought of that, if you have not. Look here."

He swung to the desk and slipped out a drawer, and had a long folded paper in his hands. He flapped it open before Harry's eyes. It was a formal notice to Mr. Henry Hampton, junior, that the Jefferson troop of Virginia had elected him as its captain.

Harry flushed violently and his mouth quivered with pleasure, with nervousness, with unhappiness. The other watched him eagerly. All this affair of the troop he had done to give pleasure to Harry Hampton, his friend. It was the only way in which the lame boy could be on equal terms with the other boys, and Francis had determined from the first that every joy which could be gleaned out of it he should have. To be the captain ought to be a joy.

"I!" Harry cried and then was silent and then spoke sorrowfully. "But it can not be!"

"Can not be?" demanded Francis.

"Why not?"

"There was a moment's silence and with a painful effort the words came. "My—misfortune. I am lame."

And Francis cried out, "Henry! All that is nonsense! What of it? It is a thing you do as well as the best-riding. Who has such a seat, such hands as you? Why not then, I demand?" And went on. "It is settled. I have talked to them all—see the signatures. You are the captain, my Henry—and I am your right-hand and your left-hand—and your your feet, too, whenever you need me."

"But," said Harry, dazed, "it is really your place; don't you want to be captain?" he shot at the other boyishly.

And with that the Francis's arm was about his shoulder again as the two

stood together, and Francis was laughing. "But yes," he said. "I should like it. That is a secret." His face was brilliant with laughter. "You only may know, my Henry, that I am vain—ah, very vain," he repeated sadly. "Never tell it. I love titles and honors and importance. I like to be called Chevalier—though indeed that is my right," he added with a quick touch of dignity. "And I should like very much to be captain of this company of fine young men, the flowers—does one say?—of the South. But it is not best." He held up his forefinger, and looked enormously worldly-wise. "No. You would not mind; the young messieurs would not mind, perhaps—but the fathers—ah, the fathers!" He threw back his head and gazed at the ceiling with eyes of horror. Then with a start and a hand sung out. "And the mothers! Mon Dieu! But the mothers, Henry! They would make—what you call it—a—h—l of a time, is it not?"



He Flapped It Open Before Harry's Eyes.

Harry roared with joy at the terrified whisper. "But I have neither father nor mother," he suggested.

"Ah, Henry," argued Francis with deep satisfaction in his tone, "that makes you so suitable."

"Suitable!" inquired Henry.

"But yes, my friend. It kills jealousy. All is your mill, one says, that comes to your grief. All is fathers, all is mothers to the poor orphan—and besides that, there is Monsieur the Colonel. One sees that the uncle of the captain will be contented. And whom should I wish to content in this first post, my first benefactor in this land? I believe, indeed, he would be displeased if I should take the place I believe he is not satisfied of my birth."

And beneath the nonsense of Francis, Henry could but acknowledge the clear-sighted logic. So it happened that Henry Hampton became captain of the Jefferson Troop, to the entire satisfaction of all concerned.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



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You will find many of heaven's spurs on earth if you care to look for them.

If you don't believe a woman can keep a secret, just ask her age of one on the shady side of thirty.

Some men try to console themselves with the thought that they could be better if they tried.

When his sense of humor has been destroyed, life does not offer many pleasing things to a man.

Unfortunately the man who is too proud to beg isn't always too honest to steal.

If a man can't make a noise in the world in any other way, he shoots off his mouth.

Don't cast stones unless you are prepared to reap a boomerang.

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I met an old friend this week who had just come down from Skibo castle, where she had been staying with the Carnegies, writes a London correspondent of the Kansas City Star. "They are the kindest people in the world to visit," she said. "There was only one thing I did not like there, that was the porridge. It seems to be an affront to the family if you don't eat your porridge of the lovely silver-platter on which it is served. I did so want to put one of these platters in my pocket," she added. "They were genuine Queen Anne."

"The old silver at the castle is Mrs. Carnegie's fetish. She is quite crazy over it. About 9:30 in the evening she will slip out of the drawing room and steal down to the housekeeper's room to count it before it is locked in its special safe for the night. She is the most house proud chateleine in all the highlands, and that's saying a lot. The housekeeper has been with her for years. Yet Mrs. Carnegie is not content to let her count these treasures. But probably it is just a labor of love and a joy to her to handle the rare old things."

There is no vestige of snobbery about the Carnegies; they don't pine a bit for the society of royalty or even titled folk, but they are anxious for the companionship of brainy individuals. Of late Andrew has taken to be

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Many a little man comes up to our expectations, where a big man falls short.

Some people think more of dogs than they do of their friends—and perhaps there's a reason.

Marriage is a tie, which may account for the fact that so many fellows are roped in.

The man who wants to get even will often wait with apparent patience.

A genuine curiosity would be a man who keeps his mouth shut and lives to regret it. We have never seen a genuine curiosity.

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Treasure.
Rooster—What's troubling you, my dear?
Hen—I've mistaid an egg—Judge.

Fate the Scapegoat.
"Rogers is always grumbling against fate."
"Yes, he has to blame his incompetency on something."—Boston Evening Transcript.

Corner Repartees.
The man with the "I Am Blind" sign on his breast smelled of gin, but he looked pathetic. I stopped in front of him. He held out his tin cup. I had my suspicions.
Eying him carefully I drew from my pocket a large roll of bank bills. I saw him shudder.
"It is the chilly breeze," he hastily explained.
I wasn't satisfied.
"Come," I said, "if you leave this corner and go somewhere else I will give you a bank bill."
"Sure, I will," he eagerly replied.
"Taking a \$1 bill from the roll, I put it in his hands.
"Thanks for the dollar," he said as he picked up his stool.
My suspicions rushed back.
"How do you know it is a dollar?" I demanded.
"I was sure you would give me the smallest bill you had about you," he said, and shuffled along.
I think he had me there.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

FACE BROKE OUT IN PIMPLES
Falls City, Neb.—"My trouble began when I was about sixteen. My face broke out in little pimples at first. They were red and sore and then became like little boils. I picked at my face continually and it made my face red and sore looking and then I would wake up at night and scratch it. It was a source of continual annoyance to me, as my face was always red and spotted and burned all the time.
I tried _____ and others, but I could find nothing to cure it. I had been troubled about two years before I found Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I sent for a sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and tried them and I then bought some. I washed my face good with the Cuticura Soap and hot water at night and then applied the Cuticura Ointment. In the morning I washed it off with the Cuticura Soap and hot water. In two days I noticed a decided improvement, while in three weeks the cure was complete."
(Signed) Judd Knowles, Jan. 10, 1913.
Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

Her Answer.
"I met a girl once who said such clever things, and I asked her, 'How did you ever learn to talk as you do?' What do you reckon the girl said? She said she had to be clever because her nose was so big. She tried wearing tricky little hats and a follow-me-in-the-wild expression, but it made her seem ridiculous, so she finally thought of brats and epigrams, and took to reading Bernard Shaw and Walter Pater, and it worked fine. She said trouble suited her profile, and she'd discovered people looked twice at sad eyes, so she'd cultivated a sad look for years."—From "The Valiants of Virginia," by Hallie Ermine Rives.

Be thrifty on little things like bluing. Don't accept water for bluing. Ask for Red Cross Ball Blue, the extra good value blue. Adv.

Heated discussions don't always make warm friends.

Friends are of two kinds; those we need and those who need us.

Mighty few welcomes come with a guarantee not to wear out.

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty.

Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress After Eating.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

Wm. Wood

Strength and Beauty

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LEACH CROSS PRAISES WILLIE RITCHIE

HOLD TITLE 18 YEARS

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IS GREATEST TENNIS PLAYER

Champion Wilding of Australia Selected to Represent Antipodes in Davis Cup Tournament.

Anthony F. Wilding, the Australian champion who only recently won the international match at Stockholm, Sweden, has just been selected to represent the Antipodes in the forthcoming tennis tournament for the Davis cup to be held in this country this summer.

GOLF STARS COMING

Harry Vardon and Edward Ray, the British golf players who made a tour of this country and Canada last year, are to come back again this year. Other British professionals who may come with them are James Braid, J. H. Taylor, George Duncan and Abe Mitchell.

Negotiations are under way to bring over these players—practically the cream of the British professional golfing world, and Alex. Findsay, who has the matter in charge, is said to be confident that all the players mentioned will consent to make the trip.

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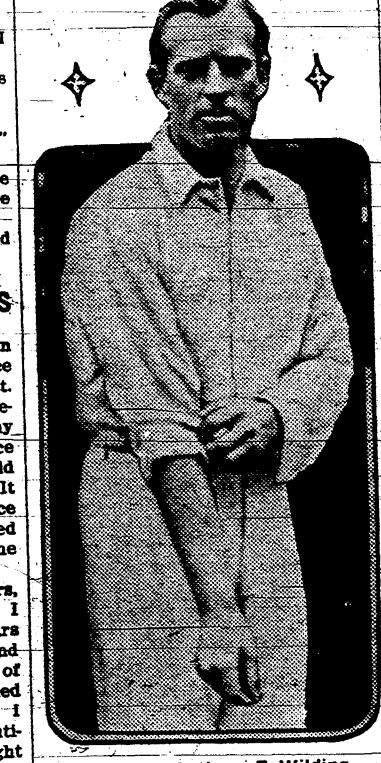


Champion Willie Ritchie.

"I think that Willie Ritchie is the greatest light weight champion we have had since the days of Joe Gans. The only thing he lacks is ring experience. Give him the generalship of Tommy Murphy and I actually believe he would be better than Gans."

This is the opinion of Leach Cross, New York's fighting dentist.

"Ritchie could have whipped Battling Nelson and Ad Wolgast the best day either of them ever saw," continued the pugilistic dentist. "Ritchie is all class. Wolgast was a slugger. Nelson could not whip any man who did not first break his hands upon him. What a fight Gans and Ritchie would have put up had it been possible to bring them together when each was at his best. Gans was a great defensive fighter. Ritchie is clever and aggressive. I would have traveled a long way to see them in action against each other."



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summer, the champion, who is conceded to be the greatest tennis player of the day and his partner, Norman Brooks, are certain to play an interesting and instructive game.

Promising Young Shrub.

Alfred Shrub, the famous English professional distance runner and coach of the Harvard university cross-country team, has a six-and-one-half-year-old son in Alfred, Jr., who will, so Shrub, Sr., believes, be a great runner when he grows up. "I would be willing to match him right now," Shrub half-jokingly remarked, "to run a half mile match against any lad of his tender years in the world. Alfie has frequently run along by my side for a half mile or so when I have been jogging along at say eight miles an hour, and his speed has amazed me."

Golf in Canada.

Canadian golfers are looking forward with interest to an unusual match which will be staged at the time of the annual championships of the Royal Canadian Golf association at Ottawa, next summer. George S. Lyons, winner of several amateur championships, recently challenged any father or son to meet him and his fifteen-year-old boy in foursome play. A. Z. Palmer and his son, Allen, have accepted, and as all four will be in the qualifying round of the Royal Canadian Golf association title tournament, it was decided to hold this match during the championship week.

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AMERICANS LEAD IN OLYMPIC GAMES SINCE REVIVAL IN 1896.

Marked Progress Made in All Forms of Sport Promises to Aid in Bringing About International Peace Among all Nations.

That the marked progress made in all forms of sport since the revival of the Olympic games in 1896, and mainly brought about through the efforts of Baron De Coubertin, the Frenchman who in 1891 organized the International Olympic committee, promises to greatly aid in bringing about international peace among the nations of the world, is becoming more marked each year.

This is evidenced by the wonderful strides of the continental nations, most of which are, in various sports, outstripping England, whose citizens were, up to a generation or so ago, the leaders in most of the games taken up by white men.

It was England and her athletic allies, Ireland and Scotland, which produced the type of men whose feats of strength, agility and speed were the prototypes of those champions of the old games in Greece, but it remained for the United States to dim the "stars" of England, with the result that since 1896, when England's champions were totally eclipsed in the historical athletic events at Manhattan field, John Bull's standing in the world competitive sport has been none too firm.

From that time when young America took up track and field games, the cry of "Westward the march of athletic empire takes it way" has been the slogan to the end that the United States stands pre-eminent in many fields of sport. The competitive fervor spread across the whole of Yankee land and now nearly all the reactions of the country contribute champions at one sport or another, "alf anxious and willing, when the time arises, to take up the cudgels of competition in behalf of Uncle Sam and with a view of aiding in the sustaining of his position at the top of the list among the nations of the world.

The position of the world's leader in sport achieved by the United States and held through a series of competitions of track and field battles in which a gradually increasing number of armies take part with the holding of the Olympic series, meet with keener opposition with the ever recurring world's series and the desire for betterment by the nations of Europe is being attested to from time to time by their pre-emption of teachers to safeguard their standing in the world of sport, and aid in putting a stop to the winning habit of the sons of America.

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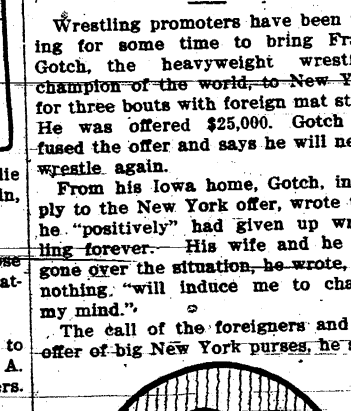
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Cornell Next to Have Stadium.

Cornell university alumni are getting busy on the fund for the new stadium and expect to have that structure started as soon as possible to hold the big football games there next fall. It will be the University of Pennsylvania's year to go to Ithaca for the annual game, and as Coach Albert Sharpe's eleven overcame the hoodoo by winning from the Red and Blue at Franklin Field, Philadelphia, on Thanksgiving day, a big turn-out will no doubt occur when the Ithaca eleven tries to make it two straight victories, having the advantage of its home field.

Piestina Improving.

Marrin Piestina of Chicago is one of the big fellows who is causing worry to most of the heavy weight grapplers these days, simply because he is making rapid strides in learning the inside points of the mat game, and has become formidable. This Austrian heavyweight has the physical qualifications to make a great grappler and has the indorsement of Gotch.

One Cup Defender Already Named.

The cup defender designed by George Owen for a New York syndicate will be called "Defiance," according to announcement made recently.

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Johnny Coulon has decided to meet Kid Williams, the conqueror of Campi, at the next show to be staged by Tom McCarey in his Vernon arena.

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Fight experts who have seen Battling Levinsky in action say that he is not too light to be a successful contender for the world's heavyweight championship. Levinsky's best fighting weight is 170 pounds.

"I Should Worry," says Outimet. Francis Outimet, open golf champion of America, is not concerned over reports in English sporting papers concerning his status as an amateur. "Rumors that the British golf officials are calling me a professional do not worry me a bit," said Outimet. "I know exactly where I stand and am confident that I can convince any tribunal of fair-minded men that there is no clouds on my amateur status. I expect to play in the British amateur championship next year. I am planning to start for England early in April."

Revival of Auto Racing.

Prizes for auto racing will total \$200,000 in this country next year, was conservatively estimated. The largest purses now in sight are as follows: Indianapolis, \$50,000; Seattle, \$30,000; Sioux City, \$25,000; Vanderbilt and Grand Prix, \$16,000; Los Angeles and Sacramento, \$14,300; Corona, \$11,000; Tacoma, \$10,500; Santa Monica, \$10,000; Elgin-Los Angeles-Phoenix, \$9,500; El Paso-Phoenix, \$6,400; Galveston, \$5,000. Total, \$187,700.

Binghamton Signs Cranston.

Binghamton of the New York state league has purchased Second Base man Cranston from the Troy club of the same circuit. Cranston goes to the champions in exchange for outfielder McChesney and a snug cash consideration.

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